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Life at The Office

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Chapter 1 by Josie

Light pierced through her soul. Chirping filled her mind with beauty. It was a mixture of fire and water, hot and cold, frustrating and relieving. She opened her eyes and her thoughts were washed away by the beauty of it all. It was a perfect day.

She steadily sat up. It was too perfect. There had to be a catch. Her name was Aria Summers. Ring a bell? If not, she hadn't necessarily had a history of good days. Yes, she generally got rainy, cloudy, miserable days. And little did she know, today was going to be the worst.

After her lovely shower, Aria got dressed with a song in her head. What? She couldn't just let this opportunity slip away. She had to use the day to it's fullest. In fact, today was the day of her big meeting. A conference perhaps. The conference that decided everything. The meeting of all meetings, it was the meeting that decided whether Aria would get a raise.

She pushed through the door, that's odd, people normally don't look at her like this. She wasn't surprised. This day was the best day ever, right? All the guys were probably just noticing how she was the one that fixed the tv in the lobby. That's when it hit her. She was wearing her new dress from the other day. She remembered the magic when she first tried it on. It felt as though her heart was lifted into the air as her body carved her natural beauty from her curves. Her

girls quit because the head manager had extreme sexism in his back pocket at all times. But she could stand it. She needed the job. Plus, she needed a boyfriend.

"Please sit." Her boss's name was Mr. Welker. He was the head manager, the one who had sexism inside his soul. Ok, so maybe it wasn't that bad, but he wasn't necessarily a gentlemen to the ladies. He, too, was blinded by the dress and pointed to a seat. Right next to his.

The meeting went by quickly, and the odds were in her favor. She got a raise. But when it was done, it was around one o'clock-ish, so she still had to work. After the meeting, she was putting her note-taking stuff in her bag. You must understand that Aria was very organized all her life. She couldn't live with herself if she even missed one of the points the speaker at the meeting was trying to make. So you can assume how long that took her to put her notes in her bag. By the time she was done, almost everyone else had left. Almost. Mr. Welker was standing a few paces behind her.

She decided to ignore it when he took a small step towards her. She thought he was just going to ask her something, or talk to her, or something. But he didn't. He slowly kept walking in her direction until he was so close behind her, she could hear his breathe. That's when the unimaginable happened.
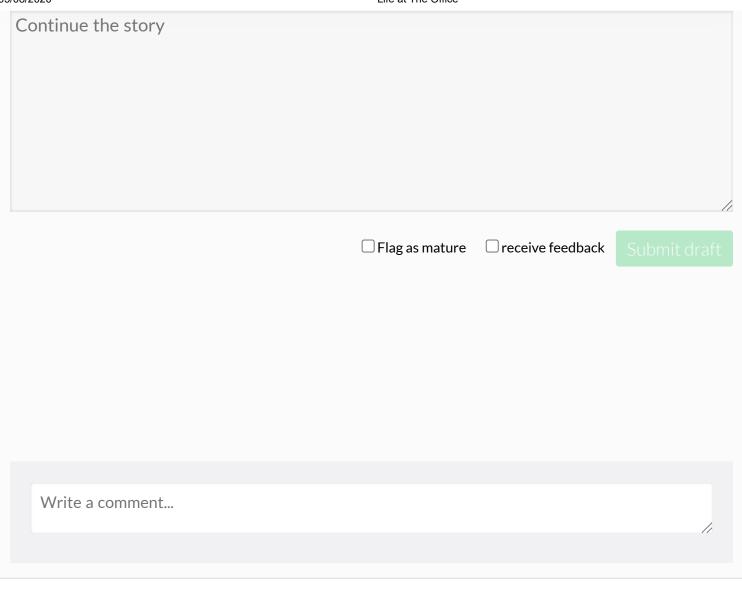
He was uncontrollable. She tried to stop him, but he was restless. He tore her bag away from her. "STOP!!!" She screamed. He didn't hear her. He was on rampage. He ripped her cash out of the secret compartment and shoved it in his wallet violently. That's when the worst thing happened. He took her wallet.

You see, Aria kept everything in the wallet. From cash, to credit cards, to pictures of her friends and her. She couldn't believe this was happening. She knew some people across the street from her that dreamed of robbing her home, but her own boss? This couldn't be.

She had a hard time comprehending what happened next. His hands clasped around her hips. He pulled her closer. The force was unbearable. Soon, her body was pressed against his and she was forced to stare into his eyes. When she looked in, darkness everywhere. She was so blinded by the mysteriousness behind it all, that she was oblivious to the fact that he was leaning closer and closer. She finally broke into reality when his soft, warm, lips were pressed against hers. Tears streamed out of her eves and blew away as she ran out of the room.

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